

P O E M S

Underscored

B Y

Mr G R A Y.

A

NEW EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for B. LONG, and T. PRIDDEN.

M. DCC. LXXI.

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O D E

O N T H E

S P R I N G.

O D E
O N T H E
S P R I N G.

LO! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours
Fair VENUS' train appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckow's note,
The untaught harmony of spring:
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
 A broader browner shade ;
 Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
 O'er-canopies the glade *,
 Beside some water's rushy brink
 With me the Muse shall sit, and think
 (At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
 How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
 How low, how little are the Proud,
 How indigent the Great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care ;
 The panting herds repose :
 Yet hark ! how thro' the peopled air
 The busy murmur glows !
 The insect youth are on the wing,
 Eager to taste the honied spring,
 And float amid the liquid noon † :
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,

* —————a bank,
 O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine.

Shakes. Mids. Nig. Dream.

† “ Nare per aestatem liquidam——”

Virg. Georg. lib. iv.

Some shew their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun ‡.

To Contemplation's sober eye *
Such is the race of Man ;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the Busy and the Gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours drest ;
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply ;
Poor Moralist ! and what art thou ?
A solitary fly !

‡ —————sporting with quick glance
Shew to the sun their waved coats drop'd with
gold.

Milt. Par. Lost. book vii.

* While insects from the threshold preach, &c.

M. Green, in the Grotto.

Doddsley's Miscel. Vol. V. p. 161.

Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display :
On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone——
We frolic, while 'tis May.

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE CAT,

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE CAT,

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.


'T WAS on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

20 ODE ON THE DEATH

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw, and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream;
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Thro' richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise?
What cat's averse to fish?

 Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,

OF A FAVOURITE CAT. 25

Nor knew the gulf between:
(Malignant Fate fat by and smil'd)
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry God,
Some speedy aid to send.
No dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd;
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard;
A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all that glisters, gold.

O D E
O N A
DISTANT PROSPECT
O F
ETON COLLEGE.

Ἄνθρωπος ἱκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς δυστυχεῖν.

Menander.

O D E
O N A
D I S T A N T P R O S P E C T
O F
E T O N C O L L E G E.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the war'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her HENRY's holy shade ‡;

‡ King Henry VI. founder of the College.

26 ODE ON A DISTANT

And ye, that from the stately brow
Of WINDSOR's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey, [among
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way :

Ah happy hills, ah pleasing shade,
Ah fields belov'd in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain !
I feel the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, * redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father THAMES, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race

* And bees their honey redolent of spring.

Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. System.

PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE. 27

Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten Liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry;
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is theirs by Fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:

28 ODE ON A DISTANT

Theirs buxom Health of rosy hue,
Wild Wit, Invention ever new,
And lively Chear of vigour born,
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play !
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day.
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train !
Ah, shew them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey the murth'rous band !
Ah, tell them they are men !

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind ;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,

PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE. 19

That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness * laughing wild
Amidst severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A griesly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen :

* —Madness laughing in his ireful mood.

Dryden's Fable of Palamon and Arcite,

30 ODE ON A DISTANT, &c.

This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage :
Lo, Poverty to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings : all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan ;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah, why should they know their fate !
Since Sorrow never comes too late,
And Happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise,
No more ; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

H Y M N

• •

ADVERSITY.

———— Ζήνα

Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτὸς ὁδῶ-
σαντα, τῷ πάθει μαθὰν
Θέλα κυρίως ἔχειν.

Eschylus, in Agamemnon.

H Y M N

T O

A D V E R S I T Y.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless
Power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour,
The Bad affright, afflict the Best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The Proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and
alone.

34 HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

When first thy fire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly Birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged Nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore :
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own, she learn'd to melt at
others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe ;
By vain Prosperity receiv'd, [believ'd.
To her they vow their truth, and are again

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,

HYMN TO ADVERSITY. 35

Still on thy solemn steps attend
Warm Charity, the gen'ral Friend,
With Justice to herself severe, [tear:
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing

Oh, gently on thy Suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess! lay thy chast'ning hand;
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful Band,
(As by the Impious thou art seen) [mien,
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Po-
verty.

Thy form benign, oh Goddess! wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic Train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The generous spark extinct, revive;
Teach me to love, and to forgive;
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know myself
a Man.

THE
PROGRESSES
OF
POESY.
A
PINDARIC ODE.

Φωνᾶντα συνελθοῖσιν· ἵς
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἱερμηνέων χαλίζα.

Pindar, Olymp. II.

D

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEN the Author first published this and the following Ode, he was advised, even by his friends, to subjoin some few explanatory Notes ; but had too much respect for the understanding of his Readers to take that liberty.

T H E
P R O G R E S S
O F
P O E S Y,
A PINDARIC ODE.

I. I.

AWAKE, * Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trem-
bling strings.

From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take;

* Awake, my glory; awake, lute and harp.

David's Psalms.

Pindar stiles his own poetry, with its musical accompaniments, Αἰολὴς μολπή, 'Αιόλιδες χορ-
δαὶ Αἰολίδων πνοαὶ αὐλῶν. Eolian song, Eolian
strings, the breath of the Eolian flute.

D 2

40 THE PROGRESS OF POESY,

The laughing flowers that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.

Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden
reign :

Now rowling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour ;
The rocks, and nodding groves rebel to
the roar.

I. 2.

Oh ! Sovereign * of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,

The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar,
are united. The various sources of poetry,
which give life and lustre to all it touches, are
here described : its quiet, majestic progress en-
riching every subject (otherwise dry and barren)
with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony
of numbers ; and its more rapid and irresistible
course, when swelled and hurried away by the
conflict of tumultuous passions.

* Power of harmony to calm the turbulent
allies of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed
from the first Pythian of Pindar.

Enchanting shell! the fullen Cares,
And frantic Passions, hear thy soft controul.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy com-
mand.

Perching* on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing;
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and light'nings of his
eye.

I. 3.

Thee † the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to the warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen,
On Cytherea's day

* This is a weak imitation of some incomparable lines in the same ode.

† Power of Harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

42 THE PROGRESS OF POESY,

With antic sports, and blue-ey'd pleasures,
 Frisking light in frolic measures ;
 Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet ;
 To brisk notes in cadence beating
 Glance * their many-twinkling feet.
 Slow-melting strains their Queen's approach
 declare ;

Where-e'er she turns, the Graces homage
 pay ;

With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
 In gliding state she wins her easy way ;
 O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom,
 move

The † bloom of young Desire, and purple
 light of Love.

* Μαρμαρυγὰς ἤνετο ποδῶν· θαίμαζε δὲ
 θυμῷ. *Homer's Od.*

† Δάμπει δ' ἐπὶ πορφυρέῃσι
 Παρρησί φῶς ἔρωτος.

Phrynicus, apud Athenaeum.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills * await,
 Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of
 Fate!

The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
 And justify the laws of Jove.
 Say, has he given in vain the heav'nly Muse!
 Night, and all her sickly dews,
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
 He gives to range the dreary sky:
 'Till down the Eastern cliffs afar †
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring
 shafts of war.

* To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given to mankind by the same Providence that sends the day by its cheerful presence to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night.

† Or seen the morning's well-appointed star
 Come marching up the Eastern hills afar.

Cowley.

44 THE PROGRESS OF POESY,

II. 2.

In climes * beyond the solar road †,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built moun-
tains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To chear the shiv'ring native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage Youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctur'd Chiefs; and dusky
Loves.

Her track, where-e'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's
holy flame.

* Extensive influence of Poetic Genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations: its connection with Liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. [See the Erse, Norwegian, and Welch Fragments, the Lapland and American Songs.]

† “Extra anni solisque vias——” *Virg.*

“Tutta lontana dal camin del sole.”

Petrarch, Canzon ii.

II. 3.

Woods *, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
 Isles that crown th' Ægean deep,
 Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
 Or where Mæander's amber waves
 In lingering lab'rins ths creep,
 How do your tuneful Echos languish
 Mute, but to the voice of Anguish ?
 Where each old poetic mountain
 Inspiration breath'd around;
 Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
 Marmur'd deep a solemn sound :
 Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-power,
 And coward Vice that revels in her chains.

‡ Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante, or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyatt, had travelled in Italy, and formed their taste there; Spenser imitated the Italian writers; Milton improved on them; but this School expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.

46 THE PROGRESS OF POESY,

When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They fought, Oh Albion! next thy sea-en-
circled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid *,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To Him, the mighty Mother did unveil
Her awful face; the dauntless Child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
This pencil take (she said) whose colours
clear
Richly paint the vernal year :
Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic
Tears.

* Shakespeare.

III. 2.

Nor second He †, that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph wings of Ecstasy,
 The secrets of th' Abyss to spy.
 He pass'd * the flaming bounds of Place
 and Time:

The living Throne ‡, the sapphire blaze,
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,
 He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
 Clos'd his eyes in endless night ||.
 Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous
 car,
 Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear

† Milton.

* "—flammantia moenia mundi." *Lucret.*

‡ For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels—And above the firmament, that was over their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone.—This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord. *Ezekiel* i. 20, 26, 28.

|| Οφθαλμών μὲν ἄμερσε· δίδου δ' ἠδ' αἶαν ἀοιδῶν.
Homer's Odyssey.

28 THE PROGRESS OF POESY,

Two Courfers of æthereal race ‡,
With necks in thunder cloath'd ||, and long-
resounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe §, and words that
burn.

But ah! 'tis heard no more *——

‡ Meant to express the stately march and
founding energy of Dryden's rhymes.

|| Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?
Job.

§ Words that weep, and tears that speak.
Cowley.

* We have had in our language no other odes
of the sublime kind, than that of Dryden on St
Cecilia's day; for Cowley (who had his merit)
yet wanted judgment, style, and harmony, for
such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so
great a man; Mr Mason, indeed, of late days,
has touched the true chords, and with a masterly
hand, in some of his choruses,——above all in
the last of Caractacus;

Oh ! Lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now ? tho' he inherit

“ Hark ! heard you not yon footstep dread,
That shook the earth with thund'ring tread ?
’Twas Death.—In haste
The warrior past ;
High tower'd his helmed head :
I mark'd his mail, I mark'd his shield,
I spy'd the sparkling of his spear,
I saw his giant arm the faulchion wield ;
Wide wav'd the bickering blade, and fir'd the
angry air.

I. 2.

“ On me (he cried) my Britons ! wait.
To lead you to the fields of fate
I come. Yon car,
That cleaves the air,
Descends to throne my state :
I mount your champion and your God.
My proud steeds neigh beneath the thong ;
Hark ! to my wheels of brass, that rattle loud !
Hark ! to my clarion shrill, that brays the woods
among.

I. 3.

Fear not now the fever's fire,
Fear not now the death-bed groan,
Pangs that torture, pains that tire,
Bed-rid age with feeble moan ;

E

50 THE PROGRESS OF POESY,

Not the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear *,

These domestic terrors wait
Hourly at my palace gate ;
And when o'er slothful realms my rod I wave,
These on the tyrant king and coward slave
Rush with vindictive rage, and drag them to
their grave.

II. 1.

But you, my sons ! at this high hour
Shall share the fullness of my power :
From all your bows,
In levell'd rows,
My own dread shafts shall show'r.
Go then to conquest, gladly go,
Deal forth my dole of destiny ;
With all my fury dash the trembling foe
Down to those darksome dens, where Rome's
pale spectres ly.

II. 2.

Where creeps the Ninefold stream profound
Her black inexorable round ;

* Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιθα θείαν. Olymp. 2. Pindar
compares himself to that bird, and his enemies
to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below,
while it pursues its flight, regardless of their
noise.

Sailing with supreme dominion
 Thro' the azure deep of air;
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
 Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
 With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun :
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
 Beneath the Good how far—but far above
 the Great.

And on the bank
 To willows dank,
 The shiv'ring ghosts are bound.
 Twelve thousand crescents all shall swell
 To full-orb'd pride, and all decline,
 Ere they again in life's gay mansions dwell.
 Not such the meed that crowns the sons of Free-
 dom's line.

II. 3.

No, my Britons ! battle-slain,
 Rapture gilds your parting hour !
 I, that all-despotic reign,
 Claim but there a moment's power !
 Swiftly the soul of British flame
 Animates some kindred frame ;
 Swiftly to life and light triumphant flies,
 Exults again in martial ecstasies, [dies."
 Again for Freedom fights, again for Freedom

T H E

B A R D.

A

P I N D A R I C O D E.

E 3

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that EDWARD the First, when he compleated the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands, to be put to death.

T H E

B A R D.

A

P I N D A R I C O D E.

I. I.

‘ **R** U I N seize thee, ruthless king!
‘ Confusion on thy banners wait,
‘ Tho’ fann’d by Conquest’s crimson wing,
‘ They mock the air with idle state *.
‘ Helm, nor Hauberk’s twisted mail †,
‘ Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail

* Mocking the air with colours idly spread.

Shakespeare’s King John.

† The Hauberk was a texture of steel rings,

‘ To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 ‘ From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s
 tears!”

Such were the founds, that o’er the crested
 pride ‡

Of the first Edward scatter’d wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon’s || shaggy
 side

He wound, with toilsome march, his long
 array.

or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail,
 that fate close to the body, and adapted itself to
 every motion.

‡ The crested adder’s pride. *Dryd. Ind. Qu.*

|| *Snowdon* was a name given by the Saxons
 to that mountainous tract which the Welch them-
 selves call *Craigian-eryri*: it included all the
 highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merioneth-
 shire, as far east as the river Conway. R. Hig-
 den, speaking of the castle of Conway built by
 King Edward the First, says, “ Ad ortum amnis
 “ Conway ad clivum montis Erery;” and Mat-
 thew of Westminster, (ad ann. 1283) “ Apud A-
 “ berconway ad pedes montis Snowdoniae fecit
 “ erigi castrum forte.”

Stout Glo'ster § stood aghast in speechless
trance :

To arms ! cried Mortimer *, and couch'd
his quiv'ring lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the fable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood ;
Loose his beard †, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor ‡, to the troubled
air ;

§ Gilbert de Clare, surnamed *the Red*. Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son in law to King Edward.

* Edmund de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.

They both were Lords-Marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the King in this expedition.

† The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphael, representing the Supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel. There are two of these paintings (both believed original) one at Florence, the other at Paris.

‡ Shone, like a meteor, streaming to the wind.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

And with a master's hand and prophet's fire;
Struck the deep furrows of his lyre.

- ' Hark, how each giant oak and desert cave,
- ' Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
- ' O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms
 they wave,
- ' Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs
 breathe;
- ' Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
- ' To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Lle-
 wellyn's lay.

I 3.

- ' Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
- ' That hush'd the stormy main:
- ' Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed;
- ' Mountains, ye mourn in vain
- ' Modred, whose magic song
- ' Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-
 top'd head.
- ' On dreary Arvon's shore they ly ‡,

‡ The shores of Caernarvonshire, opposite to
the Isle of Anglesey.

- ' Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale :
- ' Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens fail ;
- ' The famish'd eagle screams * and passes by.
- ' Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
- ' Dear, as the light that visits those sad
 eyes †,
- ' Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my
 heart ‡,
- ' Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
- ' No more I weep. They do not sleep.
- ' On yonder cliffs, a grievous band,
- ' I see th' em fit, they linger yet,
- ' Avengers of their native land :

* Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named by the Welch, *Craigian-eryri*, or the crags of the eagles. At this day (I am told) the highest point of Snowdon is called *The Eagle's Nest*. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c. can testify ; it even has built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. [See Willoughby's Ornithol. published by Ray.]

† As dear to me as are the ruddy drops,
That visit my sad heart—

Shakespeare's Julius Cesar.

THE HEAR D,

“ With me in dreadful harmony they join †,
“ And weave with bloody hands the tissue
of thy line *.’

II. 1.

“ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
“ The winding-sheet of Edward’s race ;
“ Give ample room, and verge enough
“ The characters of hell to trace.
“ Mark the year, and mark the night,
“ When Severn shall re-echo with affright ‡,
“ The shrieks of death, thro’ Berkely’s
roofs that ring ;
“ Shrieks of an agonizing king! [fangs,
“ She-wolf of France †, with unrelenting
“ That tear’st the bowels of thy mangled
mate,
“ From thee be born §, who o’er thy coun-
try hangs

* See the Norwegian Ode that follows.

† Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkely castle.

‡ Isabel of France, Edward the Second’s adulterous Queen.

§ Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

A PINDARIC ODE. 61

- " The scourge of Heav'n. What terrors
round him wait!
" Amazement in his van, with Flight
combin'd;
" And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude
behind.

II. 2.

- " Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
" Low on his funeral couch he lies *!
" No pitying heart, no eye afford
" A tear to grace his obsequies.
" Is the fable warrior fled † ?
" Thy son is gone. He rests among the
dead.
" The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam
were born ?
" Gone to salute the rising Morn.

* Death of that king, abandoned by his children, and even robbed, in his last moments, by his courtiers and his mistress.

† Edward the Black Prince, dead sometime before his father.

62 T H E B A R D,

“ Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows †,

“ While proudly riding o’er the azure realm

“ In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;

“ Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;

“ Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind’s fway,

“ That, hush’d in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

II. 3.

“ Fill high the sparkling bowl*,

“ The rich repast prepare ;

“ ’Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast;

† Magnificence of Richard the Second’s reign.
See Froissard, and other contemporary writers.

* Richard the Second (as we are told by Archbishop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers) was starved to death. The story of his assassination, by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later date.

- " Close by the regal chair
 " Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 " A baleful smile upon their baffled Guest,
 " Heard ye the din of battle bray †,
 " Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
 " Long years of havock urge their destin'd
 course,
 " And thro' the kindred squadrons mow
 their way.
 " Ye Towers of Julius ‡, London's lasting
 shame,
 " With many a foul and midnight murder
 fed,
 " Revere his consort's faith *, his Father's
 fame ||,

† Ruinous Civil wars of York and Lancaster.

‡ Henry VI. George Duke of Clarence, Edward V. Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Caesar.

* Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

|| Henry V.

A PINDARIC ODE. 63

- “ In yon bright track, that fires the Western skies,
‘ They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
‘ But oh, what solemn scenes on Snowdon’s height
‘ Descending flow their glitt’ring skirts unroll?
‘ Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
‘ Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my soul!
‘ No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail*.
‘ All hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia’s issue, hail †!

conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her Lord is well known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen at Northampton, Geddington, Waltham, and other places.

* It was the common belief of the Welch nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairyland, and should return again to reign over Britain.

† Both Merlin and Talieffin had prophesied, that the Welch should regain their sovereignty over this Island, which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.

III. 2.

- ‘ Girt with many a Baron bold,
 ‘ Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
 ‘ And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
 ‘ In bearded majesty, appear.
 ‘ In the midst a form divine !
 ‘ Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line;
 ‘ Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face *,
 ‘ Attemper’d sweet to virgin grace.
 ‘ What strings symphonious tremble in the
 air,
 ‘ What strains of vocal transport round
 her play !
 ‘ Hear from the grave, great Talieffin hear †,

* Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, Ambassador of Poland, says, “ And thus she, lion-like, rising, “ daunted the malapart orator no less with her “ stately port and majestic deporture, than “ with the tarnesse of her princelie checkes.”

† Talieffin, chief of the Bards, flourished in the VIth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

A PINDARIC ODE. 67

- ‘ They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
‘ Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she
 sings,
‘ Waves in the eye of Heav’n her many-
 colour’d wings.

III. 3.

- ‘ The verse adorn again
‘ Fierce War, and faithful Love †,
‘ And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dress’d,
‘ In buskin’d measures move †
‘ Pale Grief and pleasing Pain,
‘ With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing
 breast.
‘ A Voice *, as of the Cherub-choir,
‘ Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
‘ And distant warblings † lessen on my ear,
‘ That lost in long futurity expire.

‡ Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize
 my song.

Spenser’s Proeme to the Fairy Queen.

† Shakespeare.

* Milton.

‡ The succession of Poets after Milton’s time.

68 T H E B A R D, &c.

‘ Fond impious Man, think’st thou yon
fanguine cloud,

‘ Rais’d by thy breath, has quench’d the
Orb of day ?

‘ To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,

‘ And warms the nations with redoubled
ray.

‘ Enough for me : with joy I see

‘ The different doom our Fates assign :

‘ Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care ;

‘ To triumph, and to die, are mine.’

He spoke, and headlong from the moun-
tain’s height,

Deep in the roaring tide he plung’d to end-
less night.

T H E
F A T A L S I S T E R S.
A N O D E.

(From the NORSE-TONGUE,)

I N T H E
ORCADES of THORMODUS, TOR-
FÆUS; HAFNIÆ, 1697, *Folio*: and
also in BARTHOLINUS.

Vitt er orpit fyrir valfalli, &c.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Author once had thoughts (in concert with a friend) of giving *the History of English Poetry*. In the introduction to it he meant to have produced some specimens of the style that reigned in ancient times among the neighbouring nations, or those who had subdued the greater part of this Island, and were our progenitors ; the following three imitations made a part of them. He has long since dropped his design, especially after he had heard, that it was already in the hands of a person well qualified to do it justice, both by his taste, and his researches into antiquity.

P R E F A C E.

IN the eleventh century, Sigurd, Earl of the Orkney Islands, went with a fleet of ships, and a considerable body of troops, into Ireland, to the assistance of *Sictryg with the silken beard*, who was then making war on his father-in-law Brian, King of Dublin: the Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and Sictryg was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of Brian their king, who fell in the action. On Christmas-day, the day of the battle, a native of Caithness in Scotland, saw at a distance a number of persons on horseback, riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till looking

through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women; they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they sung the following dreadful Song; which when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped six to the North, and as many to the South.

THE
FATAL SISTERS.
A N O D E.

NOW the storm begins to lowr,
(Haste, the loom of Hell prepare,)

Note.—The *Valkyriur* were female divinities, servants of *Odin* (or *Woden*) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies *Chasers of the slain*. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands, and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to *Valkalla*, the hall of *Odin*, or Paradise of the Brave; where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

74 THE FATAL SISTERS.

Iron fleet of arrowy shower *
Hurtles in the darken'd air †.

Glitt'ring lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a Soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the griesly texture grow,
('Tis of human entrails made),
And the weights that play below,
Each a gasping Warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along.
Sword, that once a Monarch bore,
Keep the tiffue close and strong.

* How quick they wheel'd; and flying, behind
them shot

Sharp fleet of arrowy shower——

Milton's Paradise Regain'd.

† The noise of battle hurtled in the air.

Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar.

Mista, black, terrific Maid,
 Sangrida, and Hilda fee,
 Join, the wayward work to aid :
 'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy Sun be set,
 Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
 Blade with clattering buckler meet,
 Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)
 Let us go, and let us fly,
 Where our Friends the conflict share,
 Where they triumph, where they die,

As the paths of Fate we tread,
 Wading through th' ensanguin'd field :
 Gondula and Geira spread
 O'er the youthful King your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
 Ours to kill and ours to spare :
 Spite of Danger he shall live.
 (Weave the crimson web of war.)

76 THE FATAL SISTERS,

They, whom once the desert beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound;
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a King shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of Immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death;
Sisters, cease, the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing!
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger King.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenor of our song.
Scotland, thro' each winding vale,
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters! hence with spurs of speed :
Each her thundering faulchion wield ;
Each bestride her fable steed.
Hurry, hurry to the field.

T H E
DESCENT OF ODIN.

A N O D E,
(From the NORSE-TONGUE,)

I N
BARTHOLINUS, de causis contemnendae
mortis : HAFNIAE, 1689, *Quarto*.

Epreis Odinn Allda Gautr, &c.

T H E

DESCENT OF ODIN.

A N O D E.

U PROSE the King of Men with speed,
And saddled strait his coal-black
steed;

Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to * Hela's drear abode.

* *Niflheimr*, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle: Over it presided Hela, the Goddess of Death.

82 THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

Him the Dog of Darknefs spied,
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd :
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin ;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The Father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes),
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he late :
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic Maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the runic rhyme ;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the Dead ;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a fullen sound.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN. 83

PR. What call unknown, what charms
To break the quiet of the tomb? [presume
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mould'ring bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

OD. A Traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a Warrior's Son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,
Dress'd for whom yon golden bed?

PR. Mantling in the goblet see
The pure bev'rage of the bee,
O'er it hangs the shield of gold;
'Tis the drink of Balder bold:
Balder's head to death is giv'n.
Pain can reach the Sons of Heav'n!

84 THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

Unwilling I my lips unclofe :
Leave me, leave me to repose.

OD. Once again my call obey,
Prophetess, arise, and say,
What dangers Odin's Child await,
Who the Author of his fate.

PR In Hoder's hand the Hero's doom ;
His Brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I clofe :
Leave me, leave me to repose.

OD. Prophetess, my spell obey.
Once again arise, and say,
Who th' Avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt.

PR. In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace comprest,
A wond'rous Boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam ;

THE DESCENT OF ODIN. 65

Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile
Flaming on the fun'ral pile.
Now my weary lips I close :
Leave me, leave me to repose.

OD. Yet a-while my call obey.
Prophetess, awake, and say,
What Virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air.
Tell me whence their sorrows rose :
Then I leave thee to repose.

PR. Ha! no Traveller art thou,
King of Men, I know thee now,
Mightiest of a mighty line——

OD. No boding Maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor Prophetess of good ;
But mother of the giant-brood!

PR. Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall Enquirer come

86 THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

To break my iron-sleep again,
Till LOK * has burst his ten-fold chain :
Never, till substantial Night
Has reassum'd her ancient right ;
Till wrap'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

* *Lok* is the Evil Being, who continues in chains till the *Twilight of the Gods* approaches, when he shall break his bonds ; the human race, the stars and sun shall disappear ; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies : even Odin himself, and his kindred-deities, shall perish. For a farther explanation of this mythology. see Mallet's Introduction to the History of Denmark, 1755, Quarto.

T H E
TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.
A F R A G M E N T.

F R O M
Mr EVANS's Specimens of the Welch
Poetry : LONDON, 1764, *Quarto*.

H 2

ADVERTISEMENT.

OWEN succeeded his father GRIFFIN in the Principality of North-Wales, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards.

T H E

TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

A FRAGMENT.

O WEN's praise demands my song;
Owen swift, and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's * shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

* North-Wales

90 THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN,

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came ;
This the force of Eirin hiding ;
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin * plows the wat'ry way ;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds and join the war :
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthen's of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
The Dragon-Son † of Mona stands ;
In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest . . .
There the thund'ring strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din ;
Talymalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand Banners round him burn.

* Denmark.

† The Red Dragon is the device of Cadwallader,
which all his descendants bore on their banners.

Where he points his purple spear,
 Hasty, hasty Rout is there,
 Marking with indignant eye
 Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
 There Confusion, Terror's child,
 Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
 Agony, that pants for breath,
 Despair, and honourable Death.

* * * * *

E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE Curfew tolls * the knell of parting
day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
'The plowman homeward plods his weary
way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

* —squilla di lontano

Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore.

Dante. Purgat. l. 2.

56 ELEGY WRITTEN IN A

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the
flight,

And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the Beetle wheels his droning
flight,

And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping Owl does to the moon complain
Of such as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's
shade,

Where heaves the turf in many a mould-
d'ring heap,

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers for the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built
shed,

[horn,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing-
No more shall rouse them from their lowly
bed.

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD. 97

For them no more the blazing hearth shall
burn,

Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lip their fire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has
broke ;

How jocund did they drive their team a-field !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy
stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er
Await alike th' inevitable hour. [gave,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

98 ELEGY WRITTEN IN A

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their Tomb no Trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fret-
ted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have
sway'd,
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of Time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear;

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD. 99

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with daunt-
less breath

The little Tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's
blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to com-
mand,

The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad; nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes
confi'd;

Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind:

100 ELEGY WRITTEN IN A

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to
hide,

To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculp-
ture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlet-
ter'd Muse,
The place of Fame and Elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

* * *

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD. 101

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
'This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature
cries,

Ev'n in our Ashes * live their wonted Fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd
Dead

Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If Chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall enquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn

* " Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco
" Fredda una lingua, et*due begli occhi chiusi
" Rimancer dappoi noi pien di faville "

Petrarch. Son. 169.

102 ELEGY WRITTEN IN A

- Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
- To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
- There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
- That wreathes its old fantastic roots so
high,
- His littleless length at noontide would he
stretch,
- And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
- Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in
scorn,
- Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would
rove,
- Now drooping, woeful wan, like one for-
lorn,
- Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless
love.
- One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd
hill,
- Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;
- Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
- Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD. 103

‘ The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
‘ Slow thro’ the church-way path we saw
 him borne.
‘ Approach and read (for thou can’st read)
 the lay,
‘ Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged
 thorn.’

The E P I T A T H.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of
 Earth
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame un-
 known.
Fair Science frown’d not on his humble
 birth,
And Melancholy mark’d him for her own,

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav’n did a recompence as largely send :

He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n (twas all he wish'd)
a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike † in trembling hope repose,)

The bosom of his Father and his God.

† "-----paventosa speme." *Petrarch. Son. 114.*

O D E

T O

M U S I C.

Perform'd in the Senate-house in CAM-
BRIDGE, July 1. 1769, at the installa-
tion of AUGUSTUS-HENRY Duke of
GRAFTON, Chancellor of the University.

Set by Dr RANDAL, Music Professor.

O D E

T O

M U S I C.

A I R.

HENCE ! avaunt ! 'tis holy ground,
Comus and his midnight crew,
And Ignorance, with looks profound,
And dreaming Sloth, of pallid hue ;
Mad Sedition's cry prophane.
Servitude that hugs her chain ;
Nor in the consecrated bowers,
Let painted Flatt'ry hide her serpent train
in flow'rs.

108 ODE TO MUSIC.

CHORUS.

Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
Dare the Muses' walk to stain,
While bright-ey'd Science walks around,
Hence! avaunt! 'tis holy ground.

RECITATIVE.

From yonder realms of empyrean day,
Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay!
There sit the fainted sage, the bard divine,
The few whom Genius gave to shine,
Thro' every unborn age and undiscover'd
clime;

Rapt in celestial transport they:
Yet higher oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy,
To bless the place, where on their op'ning
foul

First the genuine ardor stole;
'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,
And as the choral warblings round him
swell,

Meek Newton's self bends from his state
 sublime,
 And nods his hoary head, and listens to
 the rhyme.

A I R.

' Ye brown o'er-arching groves
 ' That contemplation loves,
 ' Where willoway Camus lingers with de-
 light,
 ' Oft at blush of dawn
 ' I've trod your level lawn, [light,
 ' Oft' woo'd the gleam of Cynthia's silver
 ' In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of
 Folly,
 ' With Freedom by my side, and soft ey'd
 Melancholy.'

R E C I T A T I V E.

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing
 With solemn steps and flow, [forth,
 High potentates, and dames of royal birth,
 And mitred fathers, in long order go;

110 O D E T O M U S I C.

Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow,
From haughty Gallia torn;
And sad Chatillon on her bridal morn,
That wept her, bleeding love; and princely
Clare;
And Anjou's heroine; and the paler rose,
The rival of her crown and of her woes;
And either Henry there,
The murder'd saint, and the majestic lord
That broke the bonds of Rome.
Their tears their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions move no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb.

[*Accompanied.*]

All that on Granta's fruitful plain
Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
And bade their awful fanes and turrets rise,
To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning comes;
And thus they speak in soft accord
The liquid language of the skies.

Q U A R T E T T O.

What is grandeur! what is power!
Heavier toil! superior pain!

ODE TO MUSIC. 114

What the bright reward of gain?
The grateful memory of the good:
Sweet is the breath of vernal show'r,
The bees collected treasure sweet;
Sweet Music's fall,—but sweeter yet,
The still, small voice of Gratitude!

RECITATIVE.

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud,
The venerable Margaret see—
Welcome, my noble Son she cries aloud,
To this thy kindred train and me,
Pleas'd in thy lineaments to trace
A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace!

A I R.

Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
The flower unheeded shall descry,
And bid it round Heav'n's altars shed
The fragrance of its blushing head,
Shall raise from earth the latent gem,
To glitter on the diadem!

RECITATIVE.

Lo Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
Not obvious, not obtrusive she;

112 ODE TO MUSIC.

No vulgar praise, no venal, incense flings,
Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
Profane thy inborn royalty of mind;
For she reveres herself and thee!
With modest pride, to grace thy youthful
brow
The laureat wreaths that Cecil wore she
brings,
And to thy just, thy gentle hand,
Submits the falces of her sway,
Whilst spirits blest above, and men below,
Join with glad voice the loud symphoni-
cus lay;

GRAND CHORUS.

Thro' the wild waves as they roar,
With watchful eye, and dauntless mien,
Thy steady course of honour keep;
Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore,
The star of Brunswick shines serene,
And gilds the horrors of the deep.

T H E E N D.